



THE POET, THE PRISONER, & THE FOOL

THE POET : Modern Man in
search of Analysis, Philosophy
and the Spirit: Life through the
Musings of the Scientist Poet.

David Scanlon

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

“The world of the great poetic dramatist is the world in which the creator is everywhere present and everywhere hidden.”

T.S. Eliot (1952) The Three Voices of poetry. Cambridge University Press: London

IF I DIE YOUNG

“Even if my verses are never published,
They will have their beauty, if they’re beautiful.
But they cannot be beautiful and remain unpublished,
Because roots may be hidden in the ground
But their flowers flower in the open air for all to see.
It must be so. Nothing can prevent it.”

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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**THE POET - MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF
ANALYSIS, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE SPIRIT: LIFE
THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

Volume 1

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS



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FOR CLARE FRETTSOME,
HENRY SCANLON, LEXI SCANLON &
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THE ONES WHO KEEP ME SANE AND
ALMOST SENSIBLE

ENLIGHTENMENT IS MAN'S RELEASE FROM HIS SELF-INCURRED TUTELAGE. TUTELAGE IS MAN'S INABILITY TO MAKE USE OF HIS UNDERSTANDING WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SELF-INCURRED IS THIS TUTELAGE WHEN ITS CAUSE LIES NOT IN LACK OF REASON BUT IN LACK OF RESOLUTION AND COURAGE TO USE IT WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SAPIERE AUDE! "HAVE COURAGE TO USE YOUR OWN REASON!"

WAS IST AUFKLÄRUNG - IMMANUEL KANT (1784)

POEMS

“Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to.”

J. Maritain (1953) Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry. Princeton University Press: Princeton.



David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for AstraZeneca and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in need of new treat-

ments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This first collection is written for family and friends who have created the many poetic moments.

FIND THE ONE

Somewhere on life's journey you find the one
Who captures your heart;

Transcendent beyond the life you found in one
The rapture begins.

JOY, YOU SAY, IN THE PRESENT

It is every day that passes, yet some days stay
Held together in memory, through emotions gift.
How precious the sustaining moments found
In friendship, in honour, in family become:
Nurturing the passing days in glinting joy.

Seek not the possibility of every moments joy
Rather release the hating emotions which grip,
In accentuating more the glorious points
In life, in living, in being together
They too point a path of truthful virtue.

It cannot be a hindrance to escape inside
For a moments respite from the weariness:
Cautioning only that the world still moves!
In hiding, in fleeing, in being absent
Is to forget that joy is possible always.

At a time of reflection and anticipation
A pointedness clashes with escaping realities.
Live you say, in the present of the ad-mixture
In truth, in respect, in calm serenity
Forgetting that anxious movement is all.

Take the moments yet to be created
In the day and night of daily speaking,
Grasp the feeling of who you will be
In friendship, in family, in your desires:
Live that moment now and then in full joy.

THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING

There is a softness in your being
Holding itself out there for others to touch;
The ever present smell of fear haunts
A moment shared with such uniqueness.

In that small passage of time I change
Without always wishing and wanting your touch.
Holding tightly onto what is clear
Comforts the weak, who move slowly.
The fear of being moved by the care of others
Protects from many the full joy of life.

Closing up within the hurly-burly place
Is it a statement of weakness or an absence of sight?
Which ever, obliviousness to the shift
Leads towards the mutual horror of loneliness.
Softness over-ridden becomes slowly damaged,
Delicate flowers need careful sustenance.
To sustain that poetic touch is daily pain
With the finding heart needing little desert rain.

Feeling understood is a difficult art,
The vibrant colours pursued together
Never seem to settle into a precise image.
So when the created image resolves
With the meeting of softness and fear
The pure image created stays forever.

MOMENTS OF UNIQUE JOY

We move with pace through our life
Always wondering about tomorrow;
The nature of the curious is to shape
The present into a wondrous future.
Desire shaped today drive passions
That dictate the urgency of our world.

At points we stop in time and reflect:
A breath taken by a sudden impact;
A flower sharp in the morning sun;
Brightness sung from a perfect note;
A passing glance draped in pure joy;
A word of sense in crowded noise.

The drive of our life is ours to own.
Precise attention to special moments
Require a particular way of being
That comes from pure togetherness.
The learningness of being together
Shows us moments of unique joy.

Beyond the moment of rebirth
Time is slowed and the joy is free.
Flowing around us in everything
We touch, hear, and speak are
Unbridled possibilities of moments
That unleash the worlds true pace.

By slowing – to notice, pacing the passion,
Holding in tight reign the voices
Which do not want to see reality
There comes a wisdom of seeing anew.
Let the pace of life come to us all.
Let us share our joy with all who care.

I CRAVE A SIMPLE WORLD

Years go by and some things change.
Counted on by worldly machines
Progress is measured by the strange
Melody of the technicians creations.
Our hunger for the novelty of things
Marks our movement onwards.
Ceaselessly drawn into it's grasp
They hold us. Fixed upon counting,
Aided by our mechanical toys, we move.

Beyond the artifice of these things,
Their trifles and fripperies gone,
Lies a different more homely place;
Easy to describe, merciless to find,
It's quietness hurts so we hide
Amongst the technicians toys,
Where the marking of time sedates.
Finding true time in our moments
Together goes beyond playfulness.

Reflections place, joy filled anxiety,
Captures a different playful pace;
Betwixt and between-ness hides it.
Stepping beyond technical growth,
Even for a moment, refreshes we,
Who live incessantly in machines,
Amongst the driven desireousness
Essential to our societies being.
Our craving, a different oneness.

From splendid isolation's thought
Lies a gift of wholeness undreamt,
A place where joyfulness resides

Unbridled by time, ever present,
Yet seldom found: Breathed,
Sensed, an emotional humanity
Ripping at it's seams waiting
To escape anxieties binding
And force a simplicity upon us.

Words created mark our difference.
Listening to their rhapsody opens up
The possibilities of moving beyond.
Hopeful joining of an accepting world
Moves us from our island living.
Our unique words define us,
Refine us, mark our technicals,
Give voice to our fearful cries,
And express our wonder at our place.

Each voice speaks into it.
The power grows with each word.
Plugged, preventing full release,
Few have found it's potentiality.
Let those who it touches most
Find a technicians socket and plug,
Wordly join our two distinct worlds.
Forever bound, timelessness
Will carry us on to a new world.

Once joined, an uneasy restlessness
Pervades, recognised as waitful searching.
Accepting and rejecting they play together.
In our 'we' world technically joined,
In our 'I' world emotionally reconciled
Our failings and our joyfully given gifts
Co-exist in a knowing vision where
Easy pleasure comes, even in our pain.
This is the simple world I crave.

IN A SILENT WAY

Walking free in the noise,
Harnessing the timeless presence,
There speaks a voice.
Found within and without
It's march beats on resolutely
Hammering at our consciousness.
Spending time in it's rapture,
Bewildering and magnificent,
Scares those few seekers.

Homing in on the noise,
Hidden within the pointless
Rugged words devoid of meaning
Resides a way of deepening
Towards an existence.
A path rich and sensuous,
Bewildering and magnificent,
Speaks to the courageous;
Revives those few finders.

Speak of the noiseless:
Wordless in the wordiness
The moments cry out
Discovering a timeless truth
Absent but always present,
There for all of us, free,
Bewildering and magnificent.
Once the silence touches it
Nurtures, for those who know.

THE REMEMBERED MOMENTS OF OUR TOGETHERNESS

Escape not the fury and fire
Let it take you towards the mire
Of your inner being, where
The living is full bare.

Never believe that you are alone,
In the depth of the fearful moan;
For in that place is too a joy
Remotely felt as just a boy!

With lots to learn an ache is seen
Amongst the cocksure boyish preen
Shadowing this place, where
The living is full bare.

Full in remembrances embrace
Emerges that clear loving face,
One that passed you through pain,
With a voice of gentle refrain.

Even in the dark moments grip
The pleasure past can easily slip
And ease the pain, which passes fast
Replaced by togetherness past.

Let remembered moments of togetherness
Grip you every day of your bitterness
Consoling the intensity, where
All the living is full bare.

A JOURNEYMAN WHO WANTS A HOME

I walked in one day to a new world:
A place of friendly familiarity clothed
With a texture of uncertain difference.
Within my new space I found a role
To ply a craftsman's finely honed gifts.

A submerged attitude shaped a separation
In my new workshop. With belonging my hope,
In a place which I want to call my home,
How long do you hang on to the 'I'
In a world where the craft is so different?

It is so easy to claim a superiority,
As a coping mechanism to survive,
But arrogance is no humble befriender
When it only eases the uncertainty:
The truth is I know so little of this world.

I see a desire to fully comply, to be at one,
It feels too slow a pace for the problems:
A devoted few carrying the major load
As the others mingle and share and yet
Silenced by fear to really speak the truth.

Do I 'get' this place, does it get me.
My expectations of people feels wrong:
The drive and desire I expect from people
Is alien in my new world of procedure,
Argumentation and explanation for not doing.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,
I fear the building up of my alienation:
My commitment to a work contract
Drives me to be who I am, with a directness
Honed in another world of shared delivery.

My desire to be a part, means I comply
To rules that I do not fully understand,
Working practices that seem too strange:
I must go on – it is my home of choice.
My will is bending, my burden increasing.

Each direction I am given drives me on,
Failure is not an option in my bag of gifts.
The new blocks present hurdles to climb,
Puzzles to solve with my dwindling mass.
My racing mind drives on: I am fully alive.

Stuck in the betweenness of those who care –
My champions, who see me for who I am –
And those who want their simpler place –
My co-workers, who see me for who I am –
I please no-one enough to feel at home.

Does a journeyman's craft ever find peace?
Is the lot of my gift the pleasure of some,
The alienation of others, and no home?
A poet's gift sees and large shoulders
Find ways to bare the pain and go on.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,
I fear the building up of my alienation:
My commitment to a work contract

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why, when times are wry,
The little things grate and rub?
For when the word is clear
And the world feels very near
Friendships can become so dear.

I wonder what the world forgot,
In passing by the charm and grace?
For when the word has care
And the world is full and fair
Friendships have great flair.

I wonder then, but rather when,
What will become of us and them?
For when the word is right
And the world is free of fright
Friendships establish clear might.

I wonder how the thinking now
In reading on, has changed and gone?
For when the word is truth
And the world is less uncouth
Friends shout it from the roof.

IN MOMENTS BETWEEN THE SILENCES I FEEL ALONE

In moments between the silences I feel alone
Though surrounded by you all in our home.
You capture me through my voice
Pulling me to a place where we might rejoice.
And through the strained and crushing moments, hidden
We together push along a path forbidden;
Entering this clear way of despair
Requires that we chance and dare
To be ourselves along the way
And accept that in our play
Others may not see our whole
And pick away at our soul.

In grasping at the parts we see
You will only ever know a part of me.
I hope that in the bits you know
I, in at least some ways, show
A kind and haunted man
Who has demonstrated that he can
Engage in life in a full way
And not too often betray
The fallibilities of us all;
Rather, full grown and standing tall.

A SIMPLE TRUTH

Captivated by the moments gathering pace
We move, besieged by glittering promises
Without noticing the tiny adventures unfolding.
Yet within the simple truth before us
Beauty and harm lay in equal abundance:
Never are we far from the fickle embrace of others.
At certain spaces togetherness is captured,
A simple touch, a simple smile, a simple word;
Each enough to move our shape towards care.
Let the Christmas spirit touch us towards peace,
Let the simple truth of each other enter us,
Let the harshness of the world rest a day.
May our moments togetherness change the world.

STRANGELY HAPPY

You touched me on our gentle walk,
Amongst the structured science space.
Trolleying the tools of business no-one knew
The nature of the emotional content;
Few could sense the beauty uncovered
In the gentle meandering voices,
As we spoke of softness and words,
Poetry joined us until the crescendo.
Catalan voices joined Portuguese wisdom,
With the English cadence of time,
As two people found our caring souls.
Your kindness of gift appeared as we spoke,
Intuitive leaps wrapping together
Until we the emerged “Strangely Happy.”

RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM

(Remain unbiased and curious)

Staying open to another's possibilities,
Expressed in their words of expertise,
Engages the dream space between us.
Seeing beyond 'Idolatry', through to
'She who must be obeyed', and onwards
To the movement of our togetherness
Requires inhuman courage:
A willingness to be within
Another's inspace home.

Existing on the edge of selfhood,
Fearlessly facing-off the darkness,
Is the continuous journey of but a few:
Never ending movement between
Our inspace and the outpace home.
Sensing and seeing our connections,
In the building and destroying of ego,
Requires a rationalising of the she love:
Opening up to a becoming home.

Keeping at bay the critical shadow,
Whilst listening to the dimorphic other -
A sharpened tag-team devoid of pity -
Will lead to madness or harmony.
Entering into the world unbiased and curious
Is essential to the mad and humane.
Deciding the outcome for each moment
Requires careful fearful disarray,
Our home always in the making.

FAMILY RECOVERY

We grappled with the sands of time,
With oceans lapping at our feet of fun
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
Fresh, re-born, re-newed.

I pondered all alone o'er hill and dale,
Frozen daily by the magnificence of time
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
New, re-born, re-freshed.

Tranquillity in the changed hum of words,
Moved by a family of simple pleasures,
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
Born fresh to a new world.

AESTHETIC UNIFORMITY: BEAUTY BEHELD

Sat within our tomb of frustration
There lies nestled a motivation of birth;
A flowering of the possible in-between
The individual passionate endeavor.
Our hidden aesthetic love of uniformity
Seeks out the voice of collective quest.
In speaking the words of my voice
The parochial and trained words destroy,
But momentarily, the escape of joining.
Your flower of spirit attempts a gathering,
Again the multiplicity defies collective.
Hours of gathering struggle to find it.

To speak of the space of our formality,
Of our gatherings, the words blame us all.
Some feel the power to continue,
Others destroy the possibility fore-ever.
In our mesmerising and memorised talk
The moment of discovery seems distant,
Never present, always in the making,
Steeped in the smell of anxiety:
The pointlessness of being, ever present,
Drives towards an ego based speaking.
Individuation of the aesthetic love of uniformity
Leaves us in the momentary stuck-ness.

The pulsation of a liquid structure-less whole
Profoundly stirs imagination, but requires
The leave behind, for moments, of selfhood
Allowing the emergence of the collective:
The discovery of uniformity in words,
A possibility of a new named thing,
Become the possibility before us:
Joint discovery of an aesthetic love
Binds us fore-ever in a present moment,
A flowing of words born before us.
Together we see the beauty of our words
Knowing they speak collective understanding.

In our hum-drum every day ways,
Our coming together in usual forms,
How often do these poetic moments of birth
Play upon our consciousness and stand out
Beyond the internal voice of frustrations?
How often does the playfulness of groups
Find the spirit of a revolutionaries voice,
Capturing that moment fore-ever in simple words.
If you cannot find in your heart a clear moment
Then you are not awake to the aesthetic beauty
That togetherness bring in our daily living:
The monotony may have taken you over – fore-ever?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW

In meeting a soul that is torn, the twist rebounds and renews,
Seeing oneself in another separates us from the mire
And together in a moments spark a rebirth in the fire.

In focussing on the agony that life portrays for us,
The world that glows around us feels a fraud that 'they' will see,
How can some one so damaged be as glorious as me.

The pain experienced is always there, it never goes away,
It is the thing that makes us, the thing that makes us whole.
But with the pain comes a mystery that will one day fall.

In recognising the halves that make the idiot in me
I must value the contributions in the making of our plan
And accept the ones who hurt me, and thank them to a man.

THE MANY HEARTED MAN

The many hearted man walked amongst us:

Gathering our trust;
Engaging our spirit;
Capturing our heart.

Never was he boastful.
Never was he arrogant.
Never was he hurtful.

A quiet dignity bore him along

Without him I would not be me.
Without him I could not see.
Without him I would not be free.

He gathered my heart,
He engaged my spirit,
He captured my trust.
The many hearted man walked amongst us.

THE POLLUTION OF LANGUAGE

Spurting from the industrial chimneys of today
Is a rich and pungent flurry of language
Which mystifies the world of work
In hideous and noxious clouds of words.
Verbiage filled with vacuous meaning
Hangs lifelessly, supporting a hidden existence.
Behind the words, I am told, people exist!!

In standing by my faltering words and voice,
Oblivious to the resounding call of the looms,
I tasted the intoxicating sedative of freedom
And believed that I too was free from the pollutant.
To live amongst the hidden infiltrators
In the faint hope of being free of disease was folly.
Amongst the words, I am told, is freedom!!

Breaking through the barriers of my existence
I become fluent in my separation:
As the distance emerged I emerged, at a cost,
Indentured to my loom of words
The passing of time was marked by relentlessness,
Instantly recognised and soothing familiarity.
Within the words, I was told, I exist!!

In choosing the sedative world of work,
With the need for regularity,
I have chosen to live with the disease of words.
Fully conversant now with the necessary evil
A playfulness of freedom emerges again
In recognition of the arrangement I make.
Between our words, I tell you, we do exist!!

The form our conversations take tell us about
A need we have for the comfort of knowing.
In the dangers that surround us
The dance of our conversations takes shape.
Never alone, the shape of who we are comes
In our togetherness and struggle.
Our words are how we exist.

WALKING AWAY

Hold on tight to the memories,
Formed in the furnace of new experience,
Let them inspire and shape you.

Forged together in our past
Each caring words of trouble
Each troubled words of care
Uttered by friends and foe
Shape the way we go on together.

In freely allowing you into my life,
With all my foibles and ecstasies seen,
We have together shaped beauty and truth.

Forged together in our past and present
Each hidden strength has grown
Each growing strength less hidden
As we have struggled together
To shape the difference we make.

Hold onto the whole of yourself,
Amongst the eddying ripples of others,
Shape, re-shape and be shaped.

Forged together in the present
Each haunting moment of beauty
Each truthful moment of care
Touches us all, should we let it,
And crafts together our life.

Walking away is all of life,
Where newness and history part,
Held together with memories.

Forged together for ever
Each leaving moment hurts
Each hurt moment is short:
Selfhood begins with a walking away
And love is proved in the letting go.

FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU & I

We choose our lives, you and I,
Emerging as from the unknown.
Yet functioning in our special world
Requires a movement fully towards something
Which, emerging from all the past patterns,
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,
Requires a trust in a movement true.
Yet continuing within our special world
Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something
Which, emerging from all the patterns of others
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,
Present in the shape our working takes.
Yet making known and unknown free in our special world
Requires the patience to be shaped by something.
Which, emerging from all that has ever been
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

YOU MAKE ME

Without you I am small,
Imperfect in form and function;
I'll defined in desire
You make me who I am.

To suffer in compulsion
Without an end in you
Is to make nothing.
To create, you are who I am.

You have given me all
That makes a man of me.
Together we are whole;
You give meaning to who I am.

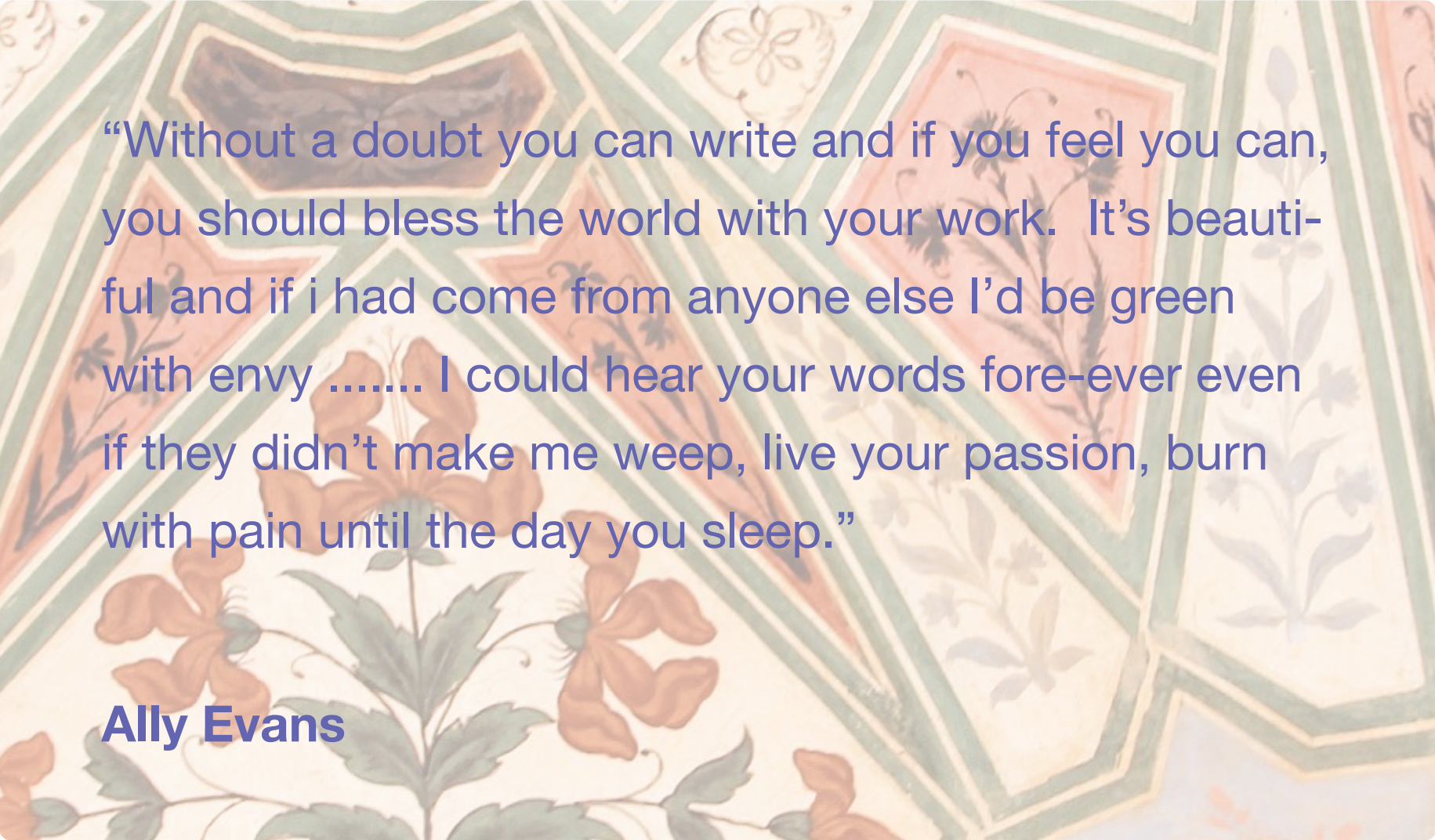
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WHY I WRITE

*“Brilliant, excellent. May
Business continue to
nourish poetry.”*

Theodore Zeldin



“Without a doubt you can write and if you feel you can, you should bless the world with your work. It’s beautiful and if i had come from anyone else I’d be green with envy I could hear your words fore-ever even if they didn’t make me weep, live your passion, burn with pain until the day you sleep.”

Ally Evans

“You capture the essence of what makes life wonderful even on a day by day basis what appears monotony is actually an opportunity to grow, interact with colleagues and friends and enjoy oneself.” **Peter Honig.**

“Thank you for the beautiful poem you sent. I’m not afraid to say that the tears were streaming down my face as I read it.”

Jill Rodgers

“I really enjoyed reading these - the first one gave me watery eyes and following our conversation at lunch the other day the second made complete sense.”

Hazel Weir

“You really are a brilliant poet! Our conversation in the moment at a single sharpe point has inspired me to have the patience to believe.” **Emma Luke**